

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

John Burt had seated himself at his desk, which he was putting in order. Surprised at Sam's positive statement he turned quickly. He saw Blake standing by the door. A shaft of sunlight fell full on his face. His hand was on the knob, and he stood motionless as if riveted to the floor. There was that in his expression and attitude which challenged John Burt's attention.

"Students of psychological phenomena may offer an explanation of the impalpable impression received by John Burt in that moment. His was the dominating mind; Blake's the subjective. By that mysterious telepathy which mocks analysis and scorns description a message passed to John Burt. He yet lacked the cipher to translate it. It dotted no definite warning and sounded none but a vague suspicion, but the vibration, though faint, was discordant.

John Burt glanced at Blake and turned to Sam.

"You surely are mistaken, Sam," he said. "Miss Carden is abroad and will not sail for New York for several days."

"Is that so?" Sam ran his fingers through his red hair and looked puzzled. "That's mighty curious! I've got an eye like a hawk, an' I'd a sworn it was her. I met her once or twice when she was here before, an' thought sure it was her I saw yesterday. Must be wrong, though. Guess I'd better begin wearin' glasses. So ye ain't seen her yet, John? I'll bet she'll be plumb glad ter meet you. We was talkin' about ye the last time I saw her. That's two years ago. She hadn't forgot ye, John."

Blake closed the door and Sam turned at the click of the latch.

"Why, here's Jim! Well, well, well! Here we are all together. Thought I wouldn't know John, didn't ye?"



knew him the moment he spoke, didn't I, John? And so old Rocky Woods has turned out the great firm of James Blake & Company! I want to congratulate both of ye. Are ye all through work? Let's go somewhere where we can have somethin' in honor of this momentous occasion. Come on, boys, it's my treat!"

"Many thanks for your invitation, Sam, and I'd like to accept it, but it's hardly safe," said John. "In a few weeks I hope to enjoy your hospitality and to extend mine, but until that time I am 'John Burton,' and you don't know me. Sit down, Sam, we wish to discuss a business matter, or perhaps more accurately speaking, a political one. Jim, send one of the clerks out for a mug of beer, and we'll drink Sam's health here. I'm still an exile, Sam. Until an hour ago Jim was the only man in New York who was acquainted with me. But I'm sailing away prison bars, and you can help me, Sam."

"I can help you?" echoed Sam. "You just call on me for anything except murder—an' I might manage that." Blake had been singularly quiet, but he joined in the laugh which followed, and left the room to order the proposed refreshment.

"Jim ain't lookin' well," said Sam, sympathetically. "Looks sort of peaked like; don't you think so, John?"

"I noticed that this morning and told him so," John replied. "He has been under a severe strain for weeks, and possibly the change of climate doesn't agree with him. I'm going to send him into the country for a few days. He is entitled to a rest, and there's no reason why he shouldn't have it. Jim and I have been through many hard fought engagements together, but at last a decisive victory is in sight. Do you know Arthur Morris?" he asked abruptly.

"You bet I do; but he don't know me except as Alderman Samuel L. Rounds. Why d'ye ask, John?"

Blake returned and took a seat near Sam.

"Our firm is interested in the ordinance submitted to your Board by the terms of which new and amended franchises are proposed for the Commonwealth Improvement Company," began John. "I have studied the record of the proceedings, and find that you spoke and voted against these bills when originally proposed and passed. Do you mind telling me, Sam, what you know of this matter? Can you do so without violating your trust?"

"You bet I can't, an' I know a lot," declared Sam. "I was comin' over to tell Jim, anyhow, an' I reckon I know what you are at." There's no use of

my tellin' ye about this fellow Morris. He's nothin' more er less'n a high toned thief. He owns, or thinks he owns the Board of Aldermen. Perhaps he does, but to my way of thinkin' he's likely to be fooled. There's er lot of new members who are agin him, an' some of the old ones that he bought before want ter be bought agin, an' they have raised their price. Morris was tew my house last night. Say, John, I wonder what he'd think if he knew I was in your office now? Darned if this ain't a funny world."

"What did Morris have to say?" asked Blake, who did not need to counterfeint an interest in this new development.

"He had er lot tew say," replied Sam. "A year ago he offered me five thousand dollars for my vote. I told him then that I couldn't do business with him, an' he managed tew pass his bills agin my vote an' infloence. Guess he wants me pretty bad just now. Last night he raised his price tew ten thousand."

"These ordinances are all right an' fer the benefit of the public," says this self-sacrificing Morris. 'I'm sorry, Alderman Rounds,' he says, 'that you're prejudiced agin them. If you'll change your mind there's six other aldermen who'll dew the same, an' when the bills are passed ye gits ten thousand more.'"

"That's what he said tew me," continued Sam, "an' I told him that he was a liberal sport, an' that I'd take his offer under consideration an' hold it in abeyance. Then I asked him who the six others were who'd follow my lead, an' he told me. The seven of us gives him a majority."

"Was that all?"

"I should say not," declared Sam. "I said tew him, says I, 'Mr. Morris, I know all these aldermen, an' they are my personal friends. I'm a business gent,' I says, 'havin' been in boss

tradin' an' in the commission business all my life, an' perhaps this game is right in my line. Suppose I contract, says I, 'to deliver all these seven votes,' I says, 'fer the lump sum of eighty thousand dollars; forty per cent. down in cash, an' the balance paid over when the bills is passed.' Morris thought a while an' said he'd be glad tew dew that. I told him I'd think erout it a lot an' let him know in a few days."

Sam paused and looked keenly first at John Burt and then at Blake. "I hope you don't think, John," he said, "that I'd any idea of takin' his offer. I—"

"I certainly do not," said John. "I'm simply astounded that Morris has done the one thing I would have him do. That is a rare piece of good fortune, Jim, isn't it?"

"It's great luck," declared Blake, with genuine enthusiasm. Under the stimulus of Sam's disclosures he forgot Jesse's for the moment, and again took his position side by side with John Burt.

"I reckon I know what tew dew," asserted Sam. "I'm tew see these six aldermen that Morris needs, an' then I'm goin' tew meet him an' make my report. If it's all right he's tew pay me thirty-two thousand dollars in cash an' put the balance up with some man that I name. There's three of these aldermen that Morris couldn't buy if he offered each of 'em the whole lump sum, an' I can handle the others."

"That is all right so far as it goes," interrupted John Burt, "but Morris is shrewd enough to demand positive pledges before paying over any such amount of money. You should have your aldermanic friends sign and execute written promises to support these bills, and keep certified copies of the same. These agreements will not be binding, legally or morally. I will consult my attorneys in this matter and let you know the best methods of procedure."

"All right, John; anything you say goes with me," laughed Sam. "When shall I drop in agin?"

"Early to-morrow morning," replied John. "Send word to Judge Wilson, John, that I shall call on him this evening."

CHAPTER XXIV.

On Thin Ice.

Blake found a ready excuse to call on Gen. Carden. The pronounced activity in L. & O. served as a pretext for an evening visit to the Bishop residence. Blake was greeted by the old banker with dignified cordiality, and

his heart beat high as Jesse warmly welcomed him.

Under the witchery of her presence, James Blake wondered that he had hesitated for a moment to risk life itself to win her. What was friendship, loyalty, fame or fortune in the balance with one smile from the woman he had learned so suddenly to love? His whole being thrilled with keenest joy as he felt the faint clasp of her hand, and his ears drank in the melody of her voice.

"Papa was saying at dinner that the market had taken a decided turn, and that he thought you would call this evening," said Jesse. "He felt so certain of it that he postponed a theater party. You are to be congratulated, papa, on your intuition."

"I am the one to be congratulated," said Blake, with a smile and a bow, "but I should preface my self-congratulations with an apology for the informality of my call. If Gen. Carden will stand sponsor for my plea that business exigencies cover a multitude of social improprieties, I may hope for forgiveness; and, if forgiven, I warn you that I shall commit the offense again!"

A delicate flush suffused Jesse's face and brightened the radiance of her eyes.

"You will never become an outcast by such transgressions," she laughed. "I will leave you and papa to your business plottings. Edith is here, and when you have ended your serious affairs perhaps you will join us and we can have music or cards."

Blake's face glowed with a pleasure no formal words could conceal.

"Our business will be ended in a minute," he said. "I know the general has not forgotten the defeat we administered to him the other evening, and as an old soldier I fancy he is eager to wipe out his repulse with a victory."

"He certainly is," asserted Gen. Carden. "I'm so sure of winning to-night that on behalf of Edith I challenge you and Jesse to a rubber of whist, with a box to-morrow evening for Booth's production of 'A Fool's Revenge' as a wager!"

"Done!" exclaimed Blake.

"I warn you that papa generally wins when something is at stake," said Jesse, "but I'll do the best I can, and hope for good luck to offset my poor playing."

She excused herself, and Blake and Gen. Carden plunged into stock technicalities.

"I wished you to know the cause of to-day's advance in L. & O.," explained Blake. "For reasons you surmise, I am picking up blocks of this stock. It will go higher to-morrow, and then a slump may follow, but you need not worry whether it advances or declines. I have the market under control. From present indications you will be called on to exercise your option inside of ten days."

"I have confidence in your judgment and you can rely on prompt execution of your instructions," said Gen. Carden. "For twenty years I have been identified with Wall street, and I understand its ethics. In this campaign you are the general. You will find me a loyal aide."

There was more talk, but since Blake had nothing of importance to disclose, the conference soon ended.

Blake was triumphantly satisfied with his progress. He rightly interpreted Gen. Carden's suggestion of a theater party as a tacit permission to pay his addresses to Jesse Carden. Later in the evening, through a chance remark by Miss Hancock, he learned that they had declined a theater invitation from Arthur Morris. He no longer had the slightest fear of Morris. He felt sure of the consent and even the support of Gen. Carden in his suit for the hand of his daughter.

The whist game was closely contested, out as Jesse had predicted the general and Edith won a hard-fought victory, and Blake agreed to pay the wager the evening following. (To be continued.)

HE WAS AFTER MORE.

Overworked Man Carried Out Bluff to the Last.

Two brothers, both active, young business men of this city, went lately to visit an uncle, a short, stout, light-hearted man of 60, who owns a farm up state. They found him looking hazy into a cart. Wishing to impress his nephews with his agility, he declared he could stack hay as fast as they could pitch it. The nephews accepted the challenge, threw off their coats and when he had mounted the rack, fork in hand, work commenced.

The boys lifted large forkfuls rapidly and all went well while the body of the rack was being filled. But when the load began to settle above and beyond the stakes and it became necessary to place each forkful in the proper place for binding the mass below things became a little mixed up on top of the load. Still their uncle yelled out at the top of his voice:

"More hay! More hay! Drat it boys, you don't keep me busy!"

The boys tossed the hay up faster and the old man's puffing as he struggled to keep his head above the flood could be plainly heard. At length, what with his struggling and his choking and his being blinded under the thick coming mass, and the clumsy, ill fashioned manner in which he had piled the last half dozen forkfuls, the top of the load slid off upon the ground and the old man with it.

"Hello, Uncle Sam, what are you down here for?" asked one of the nephews.

"Down here for," gasped the old man, struggling up from the choking, blinding pile. "Why, comsers yer lazy, good for nothin' pictures, I've come down after more hay!"—New York Press.

THE WEEKLY PANORAMA

HILL TO QUIT POLITICS.

New York Senator Gives Formal Notice of Withdrawal.

David Bennett Hill is fighting in the last political campaign in which he ever will engage. On the eve of his 61st birthday he announced his intention of retiring from politics Jan. 1, 1905, regardless of the result of the national or state election.

With the passing of Hill goes the leadership of the Democratic party in New York state, which has been held by him for a score of years. Not only will he relinquish the active leadership, but he declares that in the event of Democratic success this fall he will not accept any position under the national or state administration, nor will he again be a candidate for any office.

Mr. Hill has been one of the powerful factors in the national councils of the Democratic party for fifteen years. His personality has been felt in all the national conventions of recent years, never more than in the



most recent. He has made politics his life study, starting as city attorney of Elmira in young manhood, and being in turn alderman, mayor, member of the state legislature, lieutenant governor, governor for seven years, and United States senator for six years. He was the choice of the Tammany element of the New York delegation in the national convention of 1892 for the nomination for president.

ELECTRIC AIDS IN FARMING.

Agriculturists of the Future Will Depend Largely on the Current.

Scientific men who are calling attention to the great benefits of electro-culture say the farmer of the future will be a highly skilled electrician, who from a central switchboard at his farm will direct the germination and growth of cabbages, carrots, potatoes and other crops. No longer an ignorant laborer or mere machine dependent upon the weather, but, like an engine driver, regulating the supply of energy in the form of electric current according to certain determined rules, the agriculturist will take his place with the other large users of electricity under modern conditions.

This is the prospect held out by a Belgian scientist, Prof. Guarini, who has recently been delivering a course of lectures under government auspices at the agricultural institute of Gembloux, on the relation of electricity to plant life, which he states is an electrical phenomenon that can be regulated at will.

According to Prof. Guarini the atmospheric electricity is essential to plant growth and it is not electricity that can be substituted for light in certain cases in the accomplishment of the function of chlorophyll, which is in the decomposition of carbonic acid and water, but the light of the sun or of electricity are lamps, with the accompanying electric radiation, that may take the place of purely electrical action.

GETS FORECAST BY 'PHONE.

Farmers to Receive Daily Hints on the Weather by Wire.

Farmers and business men in western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and eastern Ohio will receive the weather forecast by telephone hereafter. Forecaster Frank Ridgway of the Pittsburgh office has, with the consent of the Washington bureau, arranged with the two local telephone companies to send out the forecast over their lines to anyone who desires it.

Bells will ring simultaneously in the morning in hundreds of little towns and villages and through the farming districts and the sweet voice of the telephone girl will be heard with the current forecast.

The experiment is being watched from Washington, and it will be popular and successful if it be introduced all over the country. The idea emanated from the brain of Forecaster Ridgway, who secured the consent of Prof. Willis L. Moore for the trial.

When Bret Harte Taught School. Old-timers boast that Bret Harte once taught school at Tuttle-town, Cal., and in that way acquired knowledge of the localities in the vicinity that he afterward worked into his writings. Mark Twain clerked in the only store in the town at the same time. The town itself is a small village nestling at the foot of Jackson hill, the latter being a veritable quarry of gold. Nearly all of this hill is owned by James Gills, the original "Trustful James," and is covered by parties working small pocket mines "on shares."

EX-SULTAN OF TURKEY DEAD.

Unhappy Life of Murad V Comes to End at Constantinople.

Sultan Murad V, modern Turkey's man of mystery, died last week and was buried with scant ceremony.

In May, 1876, when there was smoldering revolution in Turkey proper and open rebellion in Serbia, Bulgaria and Montenegro, Abdul-Aziz, sultan of Turkey, was deposed. The sultan was visited by his ministers and high dignitaries, and informed that it was the will of God that he be deposed. He was deposed, and a month later was found dead in the palace to which he had been assigned as a prisoner.

He was succeeded by Murad V, who, distracted by the quarrels of Midhat Pasha and other reformers with the conservatives in the council, was seized with melancholy and declined to assume the responsibilities of government.

Meantime rebellion was rampant in all the Turkish provinces. Constantinople itself was in a ferment. The European powers were clamoring that the porte should fulfill its obligations, and the governing council again resorted to deposition.

The ministers called in some of the most celebrated physicians in Europe, called in representatives of the Mohammedan hierarchy, and Murad was pronounced insane, and Abdul-Hamid, a younger brother of Murad, was declared regent, or sultan.

The reform party, it was reported at the time, consented to the change on the theory that Abdul-Hamid should be really regent, and that when Murad recovered his mental equilibrium he should be restored to the throne. Abdul-Hamid, however, informed all parties that he would be sultan in fact, and he soon became the real head of the government.

Midhat Pasha carried on his quarrel with his rivals in the cabinet, and succeeded for a time in banishing them from power. Later he was himself banished, and the two factions to this quarrel, which had led to the deposing of Abdul-Aziz, found that Abdul-Hamid was to be counted on in every step taken by the Turkish government.

Meantime sight was lost of Murad, and for nearly thirty years his fate has been a mystery. It was reported at one time that he was dead, and that for reasons of state the fact was concealed. It was reported again that he was very sick, that he was well cared for, but that he could not recover.

At last the mystery is solved. Murad, who, it is said, held the promise



Sultan Murad V.

of Abdul-Hamid to leave the throne when Murad should recover his health, is out of the way. While he languished in a sanitarium that was a prison, his younger brother has become one of the most powerful of the sultans who have ruled in Turkey in the last fifty years.

RICH MAN LITTLE KNOWN.

Wealthy Citizen of Philadelphia Has Just Passed Away.

There are some very rich men whose names never become familiar to the public, and one of them was William Weightman, who died at Philadelphia last week in his 91st year. He was a native of England and went to Philadelphia when 16 years old to enter the chemical manufacturing business started there by a relative. Eventually this establishment, under the name of Powers & Weightman, became the largest manufacturer of chemicals in the world. It is said that for fifteen years prior to the death of Mr. Powers each partner took \$600,000 a year out of the business. Mr. Weightman invented most of his money in Philadelphia, real estate and became the largest taxpayer in Pennsylvania.

Offered Chinese Empress.

The empress dowager of China, according to the Shanghai Times, is highly offended with the wife and daughters of Yu Keng, late Chinese minister at Paris, and has issued orders that they are not to enter the palace again. The cause of their sudden downfall is said to be that they instigated the young American lady artist who painted the empress dowager's portrait to demand a sum of 300,000 taels for her work. The empress dowager at the advice of some of the officials had previously presented the artist the sum of 12,000 taels and some presents.

Pen Picture of Great Heiress.

Of Miss Pauline Astor, American heiress of a naturalized Briton and fiancée of Captain Spender-Clay, an English paper says: "She is quiet, rather nice-looking, sensible, self-willed. Not pretty in the accepted sense, though her hair is beautiful in its wayward profusion and her deep eyes look into yours with a sympathetic intelligence. Playing hostess to the great world ever since she was 14 has given her an air of easy distinction, and with it perhaps a suggestion of being a little tired."

AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

IN "MUTUAL MESSAGE CLUB."

New York Girls Have Organization to Preserve Good Looks.

A Chicago girl is said to be responsible for the organization of several "mutual message clubs" in New York city. The fad is having quite a vogue there. The girl in question makes the solemn declaration that her idea is not a business enterprise, but is purely for the purpose of aiding wrinkled sisters to have the seams smoothed out of their own faces and to perform the same office for their friends. The energetic Chicagoan is only 22, but is precocious beyond her years. She has studied the art of revivifying moribund cuticle by pressure of the fingers, with the aid of an emollient, since she was 16 years old, and she says her six years' experience has convinced her that a party of, say twenty young women, can be helpful to each other, and keep themselves youthful in appearance without expense, further than the cost of a few pounds of tea, which will provide sufficient mental exhilaration for a whole year. Then the rubbing process will be no end of fun.

WILL DIRECT COREAN AFFAIRS.

Durham White Stevens Selected for High Position.

Durham White Stevens, counselor of the Japanese legation at the capital, who has been selected to direct the foreign relations of Corea for Japan, will depart for Corea the latter part of September and will take up his residence in the capital of the country. The Japanese legation at Washington gives out the information that the selection of Mr. Stevens was fully known to the minister before it was announced from Tokio and the selection was not made until after Mr. Stevens had been consulted. Mr. Stevens has been in the service of



Durham White Stevens.

Japan for twenty-two years and his standing is high, he being esteemed as a man of attainments and sound judgment.

Start Housekeeping Late in Life.

Sixty-three years married and just commencing to keep house is the record of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Apper, who have been admitted to the county infirmary at Bowling Green, Ohio, where, contrary to the rules of the institution, they are permitted to jointly occupy a large room and indulge in their limited housekeeping fancies.

Mr. Apper is 87 years old and his wife is 83. They boarded when first married, and in the subsequent years dwelt with their children, but have outlived them all, and at last were forced to become a county charge to secure the attention their extreme age demanded.

They have a little property, however, and pay toward their own support, which relieves them of that feeling of utter dependence. Superintendent Frank Brandeberry of the infirmary takes pleasure in looking after their wants, and in all probability they will end their days at the county farm.

Human Beings with Tails.

A German traveler claims to have discovered in the forests of Borneo a people who still wear the tail of our primitive ancestors. He does not write from hearsay; he has seen the tail, says the London Chronicle. It belonged to a child about six years old, sprung from the tribe of Poonans. As nobody could speak the Poonan tongue the youngster could not be questioned, but there was his tail sure enough, not very long, but flexible, hairless, and about the thickness of one's little finger. The Poonans are reported to be very simple, honest folk, with a child-like system of barter. They deposit in public places the goods they wish to exchange, and a few days later they find there the equivalents they desire. Nobody dreams of stealing. This is almost as remarkable as the vestige of the ancestral tail.

How Great Novelist Works.

"My method of work," said Jules Verne. "Well, until recently I invariably rose at 5 and made a point of doing three hours of writing before breakfast. The great bulk of my work was always done in this time. My studies have really nearly all been written when most folk are sleeping. I have always been a wide reader, especially of newspapers and periodicals, and it is my custom whenever a paragraph or article strikes me to cut it out and preserve it for future reference."

THE WEEKLY PANORAMA

NEW GOVERNOR OF CANADA.

Earl Grey Selected by King Edward to Succeed Lord Minto.

King Edward has approved the appointment of Earl Grey as governor general of Canada, in succession to the earl of Minto.

Albert Henry George, the fourth Earl Grey, has been lord lieutenant of Northumberland since 1899. He was born in 1851 and was married in 1877. He owns about 17,000 acres of landed estates.

He is one of the most notable men in the present British peerage, and has made himself known to the world in several conspicuous ways—as a financier, a philanthropist and an industrial promoter. He was associated with the late Cecil Rhodes in the development of South Africa, and is executor of the will under which the Rhodes scholarships are assigned. He was administrator of Rhodesia in 1896 and 1897. At various times he has been concerned in the river tunnels of New York, having interest in the Hudson river tunnel in its earlier stage and with a tunnel that was planned from the city hall, Manhattan, to the Flatbush avenue station, Brooklyn, a project that apparently has failed through.

Earl Grey is also widely known among temperance workers at home and abroad as the projector of the scheme known as the Public House Trust company, by which it is proposed to mitigate the evils of saloons by turning them, so far as possible, into decent resorts, and making the



HON. SIR ALBERT GREY

sale of strong drink a secondary feature and without profit. The earl is a brother-in-law to the earl of Minto, whom he succeeds.

Millions of Telegrams in 1903.

It is just sixty years ago since the first telegraphic message was sent by the Morse system from Baltimore to Washington, and the first message by the Atlantic submarine cable was dispatched six years afterward—that is to say, in June, 1850. Since then the use of the telegraph has developed at a marvelous rate, until at the present time a million messages are sent over the world's lines every twenty-four hours. According to some returns recently issued the number of telegrams dispatched in all countries in 1903 reached the enormous total of 364,848,474. As a user of the telegraph Great Britain heads the list with 92,471,000 dispatches, and United States is second with 91,391,000, and France comes third with 48,114,151. Germany, Russia, Austria, Belgium and Italy follow in the order named.

Russian Talked Too Much.

Just about a week ago a young Russian nobleman arrived in New York under an assumed name. He was not allowed to land. On the way over he became somewhat hilarious in the smoking room one evening. While in this happy frame of mind his discretion broke away from its moorings and he confidentially informed a couple of fellow passengers that he was coming to this country to study American fortifications and pick up what information he could regarding military affairs. He also told them his real name. All of which decided the authorities that he was not a desirable visitor, so he returned by the same vessel without having set foot on American soil.

Spending the Gould Millions.

Howard Gould has a large fortune, and doubtless it is well invested, but there is reason to believe it is not growing very fast, for his expenditures are enormous. Persons living near his country place, Sands Point, speak in awful tones of the money that is being expended there. The sea wall, they swear, cost him \$1,000,000. His cowhouse, built of stone, cost \$250,000, and his chickenhouse, also of stone, \$150,000. The iron fence around the poultry yard cost \$10 a running foot. The Killarney castle duplicate is to represent an outlay of at least \$4,000,000.

Distress Signals for Autoists.

A correspondent of the London Globe makes the suggestion that motorists should carry rockets, which might be fired when a breakdown occurred, and he adds: "The local motor car repairers, if such a custom becomes general, are sure to establish 'lookout towers,' on top of each of which they can station a small boy to report motor shipwrecks. Of course the rockets should be made to throw out colored lights for night time as well as a volume of smoke for day light."